

If you've any task to do,  
Let me whisper, friend, to you,  
Do it.

If you've anything to say,  
True and needed, yea or nay,  
Say it.

If you've anything to love  
As a blessing from above,  
Love it.

If you've anything to give  
That another's joy may live,  
Give it.

If you know what torch to light,  
Guiding others through the night,  
Light it.

If you've any debt to pay,  
Rest you neither night nor day;  
Pay it.

If you've any joy to hold  
Next your heart, let it grow cold,  
Hold it.

If you've any grief to meet  
At the loving Father's feet,  
Meet it.

If you're given light to see  
What a child of God should be,  
See it.

Whether life be bright or drear,  
There's a message sweet and clear  
Whispered down to every ear:  
Hear it.

#### MRS. DEWSFORD'S DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Dewsford sat in her own room, assiduously employed in fastening dried butterflies on a piece of pasteboard, with an "Encyclopedia of Entomology" lying on the table beside her, and a magnifying glass affixed in some mysterious manner to her nose. She was a spare, prim, hard-featured matron, was Mrs. Dewsford—one who believed in Women's Rights, and thought woman generally a much abused personage, deposed from her proper sphere and trampled on by the tyrant Man!

Mrs. Dewsford came very near being a man herself—what with a deep voice and a bearded chin, and a figure quite innocent of all superfluous curves or graces. Really, if one had changed her skirt and bodice to trousers and coat, she would have passed for one of the contended sex without much difficulty.

But Lizzy Dewsford was quite different—Lizzy Dewsford, who stood beside her mother with cheeks round and ripe as a peach, deep blue eyes made mystic and shady by their long lashes, and brown hair wound round and round her pretty head in shining coils. You wondered, as you gazed at her, how they could both be women, and yet so unlike.

"Nonsense, child!" said Mrs. Dewsford, critically examining a butterfly with pale, yellow wings, sprinkled with carmine.

"But mamma," pleaded Lizzy, "it isn't nonsense. He really does want to marry me."

"Marriage is all a mistake, Elizabeth," said Mrs. Dewsford, laying down her magnifying glass. "I don't mean you shall marry at all."

"Mamma!"

"A woman who marries," went on the strong-minded matron, "is a woman enslaved. If I had known as much about life when I was eighteen as I do now, I would never have married. From the standpoint of a grand mistake committed in my own life, I can rectify yours, Elizabeth."

"But, mamma!" cried poor Lizzy, "what shall I do?"

"Do, child, do!" ejaculated the mother. "That's a pretty question for my daughter to ask! Why, read—study—improve your mind. Devote all the energies of your nature to the solving of the great social problems that surround you."

"I don't care a fig for the social problems, mamma," remonstrated Lizzy. "I like Charles Everett, and I'm going to marry him!"

"Never, with my consent."

"Oh, mamma," cried Lizzy, aghast, "surely you would not—"

"Elizabeth," said Mrs. Dewsford, in a tone of judicial calmness, "don't you see what a confusion you are creating among these insects which I have so carefully classified? I beg you will interrupt my studies no longer. Go and finish reading that Report of the English Convention for the Amelioration of Womankind. What are you crying for? A well regulated woman never cries."

"I wish I wasn't a woman!" sobbed poor Lizzy. "I wish wasn't something that had to be elevated, and improved, and cultivated. Oh, mamma, darling, you weren't in earnest when you said you wouldn't consent to my marrying Charles! I shall be so happy together, and he says he will be miserable without me, and—"

"Elizabeth, I am astonished at you. Of course, I was in earnest! I have neither gold nor jewels to lay on the shrine of the cause; but I have a daughter, and I intend to show the world what a woman, unshackled and unfettered, can be capable of! You, Elizabeth, should glory in becoming an offering!"

But Lizzy, apparently unappreciative of the great lot in store for her, cried more piteously than ever.

"Tears will not melt me," said Mrs. Dewsford, calmly resuming the Encyclopedia. "I only regret to be the mother of so degenerate a daughter!"

"Mamma," ventured poor Lizzy, after a minute of silent grieving; "I—I promised Charles to ride out with him this afternoon!"

"You must give him up, Elizabeth. Upon such a subject I can accept no compromise!"

"But I promised, mamma!"

Mrs. Dewsford gravely rubbed the end of her nose.

"A promise is a promise, Elizabeth; nor shall I require of you to break it." (Here Elizabeth visibly brightened.)

# The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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"But I shall accompany you!" (The pretty face became clouded and overcast once more.) "Where are you going?"

"To the woods beyond the glen, mamma. Charles is going to get some wood sorrel for my herbaryum."

"Nor will the expedition be unprofitable to me," said Mrs. Dewsford, gravely. "There are many choice varieties of Adiantum and Asplenium to be found in those woods, and my collection of native ferns is as yet incomplete."

And Lizzy went away in great consternation—not to read reports, nor to study paleontology, but to slip into the garden, where a great rose-tree carpeted the velvet grass with showers of soft pink petals at every passing breath of air, and where Charles Everett was busied in cutting out sticks for carnations.

"Oh, Charles—Charles! I am so miserable!"

"Lizzy, what is the matter?"

He dropped knife, sticks, and all, in dismay at her woful countenance; and Lizzy told him to the best of her ability what "the matter" was.

"Is that all?" he asked quietly, when the recital was concluded.

"Isn't that enough?" she rejoined piteously. "When we were going to have such a nice drive all by ourselves, and then to come home by moonlight, and—"

"Don't fret, *cara mia*; it will be all right! So she won't consent to our marriage, eh?"

"She says most positively that she will not."

"What shall we do, Lizzy? Shall we elope quietly?"

"Oh, Charles, you know I would never marry without her consent!"

"And two lives are to be made miserable just because she thinks matrimony a mistake?" he asked, gravely.

"I suppose so, Charles."

Lizzy Dewsford's pretty head drooped like a rose in the rain. Charles watched her quivering lip and tear-wet eye-lashes, and said no more.

Mrs. Dewsford was ready, with a preposterous green umbrella to keep off the sun, a tin case to put ferns in, and an extra pair of boots, in the event of swampy walking, when Mr. Everett's little light phaeton drove up to the door. The springs creaked ominously as she stepped in; and Lizzy, meekly following, was nearly overwhelmed by her mother's voluminous draperies.

"I had better sit in the middle—it preserves the equilibrium of the vehicle better," said Mrs. Dewsford, wedging herself in between Lizzy and Mr. Everett with a smile of great complacency.

And she immediately began discoursing on the properties and habits of the fern, with unpausing volubility, while Lizzy, perched on the extreme outer edge of the seat, had all she could do to keep in the vehicle, and Mr. Everett's eyes were in extreme danger with the points of the green umbrella, which veered to and fro like a ship in a storm, as Mrs. Dewsford's tale waxed in interest.

Suddenly she checked herself, as her eyes caught a cluster of green waving vegetation on the crest-like point of a rock which overhung the road.

"Charles! Charles!" she cried, "stop a minute! Can't you reach that Asplenium Elenium?"

"Is this it, ma'am?" said Mr. Everett, making a dive at a tall stalk of something.

"No, no; not that—the little green thing with the black stem!"

"This, ma'am?" hazarded Charles, clutching at the fat-leaved cluster of weedy growth.

"Oh, dear, dear Charles, how stupid you are!" sighed Mrs. Dewsford. "I'll jump out and get it myself!"

"Mamma!" remonstrated Lizzy.

"Oh, I'll help her!" nodded Charles, springing nimbly on the cliff, and pulling Mrs. Dewsford by main force up the steep side of the rock. "Here you are, ma'am!"

"Yes," panted Mrs. Dewsford; "but—but it was very steep. I really think women should devote more attention to gymnastics. Oh, here's the Asplenium—very choice specimens, too. Charles, where are you going?"

For Mr. Everett had sprung back into the phaeton.

"Only for a little turn, ma'am, while you are collecting your botanical treasures."

"Yes, but, Charles—"

Mrs. Dewsford's words of remonstrance were drowned in the rattle of the wheels, as Mr. Everett drove briskly away, with Lizzy nestling up to his side. One long, lingering glance she gave after the departing pair, and then returned to her tin case and umbrella.

"They'll be back presently," she said.

But the afternoon sunlight faded off from the cliff, and the red orb of day sank majestically down behind the evergreen giants that bounded the western horizon, and Mrs. Dewsford grew tired, and cross, and rheumatic, and still, like the character of romance "they came not."

"Something has happened!" cried the prophetic soul of Mrs. Dewsford.

"It can't be possible that I shall have to stay here all night!"

She looked nervously round. It was a tall steep cliff whereon she stood, cut off from the woods beyond by the rush and roar of a wide and by no means shallow stream on one side; while on the other three it was almost perpendicular, rising some twenty feet up from the road. Mrs. Dewsford began to feel, as she surveyed it, very much like St. Simon Stylites on his column in the wilderness.

"If they shouldn't come!" she thought.

But at the same instant a welcome rumbling of wheels broke the hushed stillness of the seldom traveled mountain road, and Mrs. Dewsford's strained eyes caught sight of Mr. Everett's spirited gray, dashing round the curve of the hill.

"Well!" she cried, "I never was more thankful for anything in my life! I'm tired to death waiting."

"Are you?" said Charles Everett, as he checked the horse in the middle of the road.

"Yes. Why don't you drive closer?" sharply demanded Mrs. Dewsford.

"Oh, did you want to drive home with us?"

"Why, of course I did! I'd have been home long ago if I could have got off this place."

"Well, ma'am," said Charles, in accents of coolest deliberation, while Lizzy clung, frightened and yet smiling, to his side, "I shall be very happy to help you off the cliff on one condition."

"Condition! Charles Everett!" exclaimed the astonished and indignant matron; what do you mean?"

"Simply this, Mrs. Dewsford. I want to marry your daughter. But Lizzy, like a too dutiful child, will not become my wife without your consent."

"Which she shall never have!" said Mrs. Dewsford, emphatically.

"Very well, ma'am! Gee up, Whitney!"—and he shook the reins.

"You're not going to leave me here!" shrieked Mrs. Dewsford, in a panic of terror.

"Unless you comply with my condition, ma'am, I most certainly shall."

"And that condition is—"

"Your consent to my marriage with your daughter."

"Elizabeth!" cried Mrs. Dewsford, "will you be a witness to this—this atrocious conduct, and not interfere?"

"Charles won't let me have a voice in the matter, mamma, at all," said Lizzy, demurely. "He says he don't believe in woman's rights!"

Mrs. Dewsford gave a hollow groan. Mr. Everett touched his horse slightly with the whip.

"Stop!" cried Mrs. Dewsford. "I consent, but it is under protest!"

"You can protest all you like," said Mr. Everett, driving closer to the rock, and standing up to assist his mother-in-law elect in the phaeton.

Silently Mrs. Dewsford entered the vehicle—silently she rode home—silently she crossed the threshold of her house, as became a conquered party!

"To think," she said in a hollow voice, as she sat down to dinner, "that after all my precepts and example, Elizabeth should end her career by getting married!"

"Mamma," said Lizzy, timidly, "I don't think it is so very terrible, after all!"

"To think," sighed Mrs. Dewsford, paying no attention to her daughter's reply, "that you should meet the fate of any ordinary woman!"

"But, mamma, I never had any ambition to be an extraordinary woman!"

And so was brought to a termination the plots and plans for a "model existence" which had been formed for Mrs. Dewsford's daughter!

#### An Old Witch who went Hag-riding.

At the Weston-super-Mare Police Court on Jan. 1, Hester Adams, a middle-aged woman, was charged with assaulting an old woman named Maria Pring at the adjacent village of Lympham, by stabbing her in the face and hands. Complainant stated that defendant, after assailing her, exclaimed, "Now I've drawn your blood, I'm happy."

Defendant—I can prove that she is an old witch, and she has hag-ridden me and my husband for the past two years.

The Bench—In what way?

Defendant—She comes to my house and groans at me. I have often seen her in the night.

The Bench—Do you believe she has an evil eye?

Defendant—I know she is an old witch.

The Bench—What do you mean by calling her a witch?

Defendant—Why, an evil spirit.

The Bench—Why do you not take the advice of the Rev. Preliminary Stephenson, your vicar, on the matter, as he would dissuade you from such foolish notions?

Defendant—Mr. Stephenson believes it too, but don't know what to do with her.

Thomas Cook, a farmer, said he was passing complainant's cottage, when he saw the two women struggling together, and heard defendant exclaim, "I don't

care, now I've drawn blood from her."

The Bench (to defendant)—What does the complainant do to injure you?

Defendant—I had no rest night or day before I scratched her, and now my husband is troubled by her.

The Bench—What do you mean by hag-riding?

Defendant—A person that comes and terrifies others by night.

The Bench—Have you been troubled by her since you drew her blood?

Defendant—Not so much, but my husband is, and I'll draw it again for her if she does not leave me alone.

The Bench—We shall stop you from doing that for some time to come.

Defendant—Complainant said she wished she had a good stick for me.

The Bench—Which would have served you right.

Defendant—I have been obliged to leave Lympham because she terrified me so.

The Bench—But what does she do to you?

Defendant—Why, I cannot stand sometimes, or do anything.

The Bench—Do you see her when she terrifies you?

Defendant—Yes, I have seen her many times at night, but she does not come bodily.

The Bench—How then?

Defendant—Why, spiritually. (Laughter.)

The Bench—It is a sad state of things to believe in such superstition as you do, in the nineteenth century.

The Clerk—How does the complainant appear to you?

Defendant—In a nasty, evil, spiritual way, making a nasty noise.

The Bench imposed a fine of 1s. for the assault, and bound defendant over to be of good behaviour for one month, for using the threat she had in court.

#### Sand Mountain.

PAPER NO. 3.

One accustomed to the pinching cold and merciless "frozes" that come with the soft robes of a Northern winter, scarcely knows when, in this climate, the season begins, though upon the very verge of the waning year, summer can scarcely make up her mind to quit this land of her love. She parts from us in tears and comes back in smiles to say her farewells over again. She kisses the brow of each grand old mountain and then breaks forth into piteous sobs and sighs and floats away again, dropping here and there a plume from her sunny wings.

The trees are nearly bare, their summer drapery lies in tatters all about them, and the woods to-day look brown and chill. Yet but a few weeks since, I walked these airy avenues while the golden hickory, bronzed oak, scarlet gum, and many colored maples lavished their tinted glories upon the soft air that drifted them to my feet. The hills and hollows, covered with thick undergrowth of young oak, looked like billows of crimson rolling on to the horizon's gray and blue. The pines still lift their emerald spires into the sky; the unfading laurel and constant jasmine, the holly in green and scarlet haunt the watercourses with immortal freshness. Far within December's gilded edge, rustling close to the warm earth, I found handfuls of wood-violets and summer-beauties that had forgotten to take their flight. Such a mellow autumn and genial winter are rarely known. True, we have had days pointed with cold warnings, but in this delusive climate, they are scarcely heeded.

Many live on from year to year with much of the unconcern that marked the hero whose fame is said and sung to us by the intrepid "Arkansas Traveler"—and in houses very much like his, so let us betake ourselves to the woods again where the shelter is as close as his and the music, at least, as fine; where a hundred bewildering melodies cross and tangle; where the sighing of the pines, the whispering of the ragged oaks, the murmur, the chant, the tumult of voices in the waters, the wail that comes up out of the heart of the woods, mingle and flow together into a roar that wakes to low response the hollow earth. Such fascinating vistas, with an elusive mystery forever vanishing at the farther end; such galleries and corridors with grander than Corinthian pillars holding up the cloud-draped arch of heaven. How busy, impetuous, passionate this mountain stream, so small in summer that it delights to hide under the rocks in its bed; so violent in winter that it sweeps away a mill. A seat of rock upon its edge tempts us down the bushy bank to listen to its musical talk. Above my head hangs a long slender thread of moss, blown, with the dead branch upon which it grows, into the clustering laurels. Holding it by one end arm's length above my head, the other end touches the rock upon which I stand. How these lonely rocks cry back to the passing trains in the valley below; how the woods take up wave after wave of echo till they end in one grand crash at the farthest limits of sound. The clouds gather and lower, the rain falls softly as snow. Winter never made so bland an approach. Birds in scarlet plumage perch upon the rim of the storm; the sparrow, the jay, the

bluebird and snowbird, flit contentedly in and out the thicket. A blithe whistle shoots like an arrow from the woody depths; little ripples of song from unseen birds, here and there, ruffle the calm of the evening, and dawn, folding back a night of soft fitful showers, is saluted with the deliciously sweet call and innocent laughter of one of the most ardent loves of my childhood, the delicate little seedbird, that yet rivals in my heart the classical canary, which in song and plumage it so closely resembles. This rare warmth not only enters the souls of birds; the trailing arbutus is full of buds and promise of bloom; the scarlet partridge-berry's perennial fruit glows from the sides and crevices of the rocks.

Repeated fires have extinguished the growth of many lovely things that used to brighten the autumn and winter months. The sparse dwellers here begin to comprehend the injury they sustain by these, but cannot always prevent the lawless from "putting out fire" as the phrase is. A driving wind brings out the endangered inhabitants to "fight fire" until they or a godsend of rain "put out the fire."

This has been a fruitful chestnut season, and gathering these nuts is one of the industries of the country; and a man who has squirrels, wild hogs, and hogs going wild to compete with, takes his ax upon his shoulder and goes to the strife, and if you follow in his wake your heart will be touched to behold how and why the "mighty have fallen." Neither the old tree nor the young is spared; another season has no temptations to offer. The green burs that scarcely a frost has touched, by the winning address of clubs and stones, are reduced into a surrender of the unperfected nuts they guard, and if these are not dried with extreme care, (which is not the rule) they go to market mouldy and wormy, the fine flavor of the nut is lost.

"Getting out cross-ties" and tanbark is another "industry," and many a man whose breadth of education enables him to see the difference between one dollar and a thousand such, and the consequent enormity of stealing from the treasury in Washington, and the enormousness of the loss he thus sustains, has to suffer still more from a maladministration of government consequent upon the folly or malice preposse of Uncle Sam in sticking of so many waste acres upon the sides of his own and his neighbors' claims. Circumstances compel him to look after them and his only recompense for enduring this care and responsibility is the meagre justice he must do himself of stripping these idle and troublesome lands of their best timber and tanbark. The market value of these commodities is 45 cents per "tie" and \$4.50 per cord of tanbark at the nearest railway station.

Whatever may be said of the benumbed and distorted economies of this region, the general lack of enterprise and want of sympathetic effort, looking to the public good; this locality has but few wants, real or artificial, that it cannot supply for itself, and the spirit of old-fashioned helpfulness is not altogether extinguished. Year after year the blacksmith helps the miller and the miller the blacksmith and "settle" by calling their unwritten accounts "square." House-raising is done in the same neighborly spirit, and sometimes thus the "crop" is laid by. The simplicity to which agriculture is reduced demands but few tools. Among these the ax could not be omitted. Almost any other could; provided, it could be borrowed.

The women here do not lavish all the wealth of their affections on their houses and housekeeping; are not sulky and "out of sorts" if sometimes caught not in full dress but are still able to treat you with homely politeness; and the kindly courtesy with which you are entertained gives zest to the simplest fare. Many of them are models of helpmeets, toiling indoors and out. They pick, card, spin and weave their cotton into homespun for man, woman and child. They weave their own sheeting, toweling and counterpanes, the latter of many pretty designs. Knitting, carding, spinning, evening employments and pastimes, varied by the quaint patchwork and piccol-work which adorn their beds. The dyes with which their homespun is beautified are extracted from the walnut, chestnut, hickory, oak, pine, maple, sweetgum, sourwood, red elm, alder, hazelnut, laurel, sumac, different kinds of clay, and a stone from Lookout Mountain, which they call "dye stone," which, from what I am told, I suppose contains iron, though I have not seen a specimen of it. I have a beautiful gold-brown produced upon wool by boiling it in a kettle with the lichens found upon trees, fences and rocks. I am told that it was common during the war to make their black ink from the bark stripped from the roots of the walnut. That event developed an acquaintance with the resources around them which it would be wise not to forget entirely.

R. G. P.

P. S. The above was written a month ago. To-day winter seems to have ended. Within the last four weeks we have had cold rains and one freezing Saturday.

R. G. P.

January 23, 1875.

—A rare flower—the pink of politeness.

#### Literary Gossip.

Those who have read the book which so finely pictured certain topics of German and American life and illustrated the processes by which Christian character is fashioned, entitled "The Marble Preacher," by Mrs. Henry Steele Clarke, will be glad to welcome her new book, entitled "Their Children," in which the same characters and fine qualities reappear.—"Of Knights and Sea-Kings," edited by Rev. S. F. Smith, the Chicago Standard says: "It will find its most delighted readers in boys who enjoy the excitement of stories of valor and of battle, and who are also able to appreciate purity and beauty of style. This book contains about as much valuable information as could be put in 330 pages."

"Tropics of Song," contains 310 pages of select articles and incidents on the power and ministry of Sacred Music. Full of fresh life, they carry a strong mental magnetism. The anecdotes are full of meaning, adding fresh interest to many grand old hymns, and will touch the heart of the reader at its most sensitive point. They may be used with the best religious effect by Preachers, Superintendents, &c. A small pamphlet entitled "Historic Hymns," is published by D. Lothrop & Co., containing 120 choice and popular hymns, old and new, with many of the melodies attached—and responsive exercises. In paper covers \$7 per hundred, in limp cloth covers \$10 per hundred. This pamphlet contains all the hymns referred to in the "Tropics of Song."—"Those Boys," an elegant volume just published by D. Lothrop & Co., will show the boys their own photographs, or if they do not recognize them their friends will. It is a capital book to inspire to noble living.—Pansy's new story, "Household Puzzles," is told in Pansy's most charming and inimitable style. The S. S. Times says: "For practical sense, honest feeling and literary style we can commend it as one of the very best stories published. It is as keen as a sharp axe and cuts with ease the knotty problems to be found in the grain of our household woods."

"Modern Prophets," like Gough's lectures, contains pathos and humor enough to bring both smiles and tears, and it is also a most convincing and stirring argument for effort in the temperance cause.—Dr. Lincoln writes, "Stella and the Priest" is a timely book. The characters are strongly drawn and the story has an intense excitement for the reader, and is a good book for the family and Sunday School.—Zion's Herald says: "Bourdalone and Louis XIV" is a charming volume, replete with fine pictures of pulpit power." We quote from Inter Ocean: "Great success has attended Bungeener's first story, and the second is in no way behind, either in religious interest or dramatic power. The stories portray with extreme fidelity the struggles of the Protestant Church in France. The translator has executed her task with the utmost conscientiousness and care."—The Springfield Republican says: "The translator of Bungeener's 'Bourdalone and Louis XIV,' gives to American readers a rare treat, presenting fascinating inside views of French morals and manners, and particularly of the court, the pulpit and its preachers. This work has attained the popularity of thirteen editions in the French language. We hope the success of this excellent translation will encourage Messrs. Lothrop & Co. to issue the complete series of Bungeener's Historical Studies." "Louis XV and his Times," "Rabaut and Braidine," "Tower of Constance," by Mons. Bungeener, are now ready.—Of "Plymouth and the Pilgrims," by J. Barnard, D. D., The Contributor says: "The wonderful courage and fortitude of our Pilgrim Fathers and the remarkable events in their history are told in this volume in a style that cannot fail to delight as well as instruct. It is fully and finely illustrated." "Southern Explorers and Colonists," "Pioneers of Maryland," and the "First Explorers of North America," by the same author, are ready. Every child should have such books at his command, that he may know what the privileges of his native land have cost, and so, come to cherish and maintain them bravely and honorably in his ripper years. Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., 38 and 40 Cornhill, Boston, send Catalogues free.

#### An Old Use for Hammers.

"I remember," says a correspondent of the Medical and Surgical Journal, "that when I was very young, they used to raise blisters with boiled hammers. Old Doctor Twitchell, of Keene, (peace to his ashes!) once wanted to blister some one in a farm house, far from home. He had nothing with him to do it with. He asked his wife to find him a hammer. The article was brought out, put in a tea kettle over the fire, and, after the water steamed and bubbled well, he lifted it out and gently touched it to the patient, in a half a dozen spots over the seat of pain, with very positive effect. Boiled hammers were for many years used in that neighborhood for pleurisy, and every old lady knew nothing was equal to a hammer; and there was a long dispute whether it should be a claw hammer or not. I think the years finally conquered."

There is yet living in this State, and now publishing a paying paper, an editor who once looked hard times in the face so constantly that a silver quarter looked as big to him as the side of a house. He published a small paper, in a small town, and although he paid but ten shillings per week for board, and hired a boy to help him at a shilling per day, there were weeks when he couldn't "pay off" unless the boy would accept of an order on a foreign advertiser.

One day a subscriber, riding along the highway, saw the editor hoeing corn in a field, and he pulled up and shouted: "Hello, there! I haven't had my paper for three weeks."

"Haven't issued any," was the reply. "And you won't get out any this week?"

"No."

"And next week?"

"Guess not."

"Well, when are you going to print another edition?"

The editor took a piece of red chalk from his pocket, made some figures on the top rail, and finally answered: "Well, if the weather holds good, and I don't fall sick, and Jim pays me the cash when I get through with his corn, I guess I can get out a paper about three weeks from to-morrow, but it may be a week or two longer!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### Russian Trophies in England.

Two Russian guns and carriages, trophies of the Crimean war, have been received at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, having been returned from Colchester, where they have stood as public monuments for about seventeen years. It has been notified that several other trophies of a similar character have been given up by the local authorities of other towns, and that they are on their way to Woolwich, where they will be broken up. There are very few Russian guns to be seen in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, and these are, generally speaking, only such as are remarkable for some peculiarity—one, for instance, having a cannon ball from a British gun lodged in the muzzle and jammed fast. The sentiment which induces country corporations to return their trophies out of compliment to the Duchess of Edinburgh may endure, but it is doubtful. It is to be hoped, however, that all will remain serene.

In a recent case in one of the San Francisco courts, a witness related how the Chinese women are examined in Hong Kong before they are allowed to take passage to this country. They first go to the Consul's office, and if that officer satisfies himself of their good character, he stamps their arms and sends them to the harbor master. This officer also examines them, and if the examination is satisfactory, he also stamps their arms. They then procure their tickets, and are allowed to go on board the vessel.

POOR MOTHER.—A blow at the child must strike through the very heart of the mother. Imagine, then, the agony endured by the heroine of the subjoined incident. A little girl, while playing on a railroad track, got her foot so wedged in a frog that she was held fast. Her mother saw the predicament, and heard an approaching train. She ran to rescue her child, but could not extricate the foot. The train came on, and although the engineer applied the brakes, it was clear enough that it could not be stopped quick enough. The mother, finding that the girl could not be less than maimed, held her as far off the track as she could while the cars went by. A foot was crushed, but a life was saved.

An exchange tells us that "Mr. Palmer, of Saratoga County, New York, swallowed four false teeth the other day, and seven or eight wise doctors are gradually killing him in the effort to get them up." Why don't they tie a rope around some small-sized dentist and let him down there with a grab-hook?

"Here we are, within a quarter of a mile of land," was the joyful announcement made by the captain of an ocean steamer to his grumbling passengers. "Where?" "Which way is it?" were the eager exclamations which followed. "Anywhere down below there," said the captain, pointing towards the bottom of the sea; the lead gives us just two hundred and twenty fathoms of water, and land comes slap up against the brine."

An industrious citizen, who lives not over a thousand miles from town, arose a few mornings ago while the festive lark was snoring, and with a tin bucket under his arm went to the barn to milk the family cow. It was dark and rainy, and in fumbling about for old Brindle he got into the wrong pew, and began to pat the off-mule of his wagon team. He can't remember now which side of the roof he went out at, but his recollection of alighting on the picket fence is very vivid. He expects the bucket down in a few days.

As a policeman passed upon his beat in Detroit he observed two broken windows. He looked through one of them and saw a man on the floor with a broken and bound-up head, while furniture and fragments were heaped about him. Inquiring as to the origin of the ruin, he was answered by a woman with a baby in her lap: "You see that man there? Well he's my husband. Baby's sick. He said, 'Give her castor oil.' I said, 'Give her goose grease.' There he lays."

"Now is the winter of our discontent," as the old maid said when she turned forty and found herself without a suitor.



## DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.  
FORT LEWIS-SELINERY, Associate Editor.  
HENRY WINTER-SYLE, Foreign Editor.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; it is the best terms contribute to it.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, FEB. 11, 1875.

The Journal and Michigan Deaf-Mute Mirror will be sent for one year for \$1.85, post paid, to any address.

We have received from Hon. Charles Kellogg, a report of the New York Institution. But it is last year's report. Thanks, all the same. We have been accustomed to look for this report late in the spring of each year, and have never been disappointed.

The Goodson Gazette for January 30th, publishes a little piece of poetry, which appeared in the JOURNAL two or three years ago and was a special contribution to it. The Gazette, we presume, was unaware of the fact or it would have given the necessary credit.

### "Snow Bound."

Perhaps our readers have been wondering what has caused the JOURNAL to be behind time for the two weeks past. We can only ascribe this to the severe snow storms that have set in and so badly blocked the railroads during that time. The JOURNAL of Feb. 4th was detained on the way for two or three days by a snow storm that rendered railway traveling impossible in this section of the country. That of Feb. 11th has been, and is yet, detained in our post office, owing to the same cause, the storm beginning on the previous Wednesday and continuing in almost unabated fury every day until Sunday last. We have not had so cold a winter for many years and never seen the railroads so effectively blocked for several days. No train having been running on the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg and Oswego & Rome railroads, we have received no mail since that time. To-day (Tuesday, Feb. 16th) large numbers of men are at work clearing the railway tracks, but as the snow is heavy, compact and lying in huge heaps, it is very doubtful if they will be thoroughly open before the JOURNAL of this week is out.

### Reports Received.

#### THE CHURCH MISSION.

We have received the second annual report of this organization. The amounts donated, ending Nov. 1st, 1874, foot up to \$5,276.72, and of this \$2,513.55 is credited to the expenses of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes. The salary item comes next and is \$2,050, which, with minor expenditures, leaves a balance of \$15.54.

The great drawback at present is the high rent paid for the building used as the Home. This rent is \$1,350 per annum, and is more than half what is expended for the support of the inmates. It will be a happy day when the building fund reaches an amount sufficient to supply the much needed country location. Till then, the benefits of the Home, national in its character and aim, must of necessity be limited.

The Church Mission is extending its usefulness to all parts of the country. Services are held in many places, by Dr. Gallaudet individually and his increasing number of assistants. In almost every place where there is a sufficient number of deaf-mutes, arrangements for their religious guidance have been begun or been perfected.

#### MONTREAL PROTESTANT INSTITUTION.

The report of this institution is out. It is printed by the pupils and is an excellent specimen of deaf-mute handicraft. The number in attendance is twenty, but ought to be ten times larger. For the census returns of the Province show a resident population of 780 uneducated deaf! This is a melancholy fact to contemplate, and it is strange that it should be so. Governed by and in possession of the richest nation on the globe, Quebec can yet be pointed to as having in her boundaries 780 deaf-mutes growing up

in ignorance. And this in our advanced period of deaf-mute instruction!—this in the nineteenth century!

Mr. Thomas Widd, the principal, is very anxious to remedy this state of things. But he finds it hard. We hope he will succeed and speedily. Meantime it is refreshing to note that his little school is doing well; the pupils receive excellent instruction, and the finances look well, although there is a not very large balance on the wrong side of the account.

Since the above has been set in type, we have noticed the following in the Hamilton (Canada) Times of Feb. 5th:

A site for the erection of a new building for the Protestant Deaf-Mute Institution has been obtained. The buildings will cost the sum of \$28,000, and of this \$12,000 must be secured by subscription. The expenses of the institution during the past year approached \$4,000; the Government grant \$1,000.

### Vox Populi.

The two following extracts are taken from private letters received by one of the editors:

"The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is very much liked by those who have subscribed for it."

"I think the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is a model paper of its kind. It is so full of news. By and by it will eclipse all the others."

We could give scores of other extracts, but these will do and are especially valuable as opinions, coming, one from the far east, and the other from the far west.

### Eight Hours!

The teachers of the New York Institution began to teach eight hours a day on the first of February. Eight hours in a close school-room, teaching a class of from twenty to twenty-five deaf-mutes!

To the uninitiated this amount of work may not seem unreasonable.

But any person who has had any experience in teaching deaf-mutes, who knows what faithful labor in the school-room means, knows full well the strain it makes on the constitution of the teacher.

He may endure it for a time, but there is a limit, and then he must quit, take it easy or die.

At the Belleville Convention, an old and experienced principal, on hearing the general details of the New York plan, remarked: "It will kill a man."

But we suppose there will have to be a few instances of physiological bankruptcy, before the father of this experiment suspects that there is anything wrong.

### A Conundrum, Which the Silent World Must Not Dodge.

Is the individual, who makes such grand flights of rhetoric in the *Silent World*, who draws such stunning logic deductions, who knows all about the past, present and future of the JOURNAL, whose eyes see way down into the deepest recesses of the proprietor's pocket and can tell the very date on the last copper therein, whose wish by day and dream by night are that the JOURNAL may die, and who writes above the alias of "John Emory" and dates his letters, "Philadelphia," is he, oh, is he JOHN E. ELLEGOOD, Publisher of the *Silent World*?

### Progress of Church Work in Philadelphia.

The usual monthly service for deaf-mutes, at St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, was held by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, on Jan. 31st. There were about fifty in attendance, some of whom had come as far as eight miles, in spite of the heavy rain.

Dr. Gallaudet spoke of the fifteen years during which he has endeavored to furnish opportunities of uniting in public worship, to the adult deaf-mutes of Philadelphia; the difficulties that have been encountered, and the discouragement that has sometimes been felt, only to give place to renewed faith and trust, and more earnest exertions. With only short intermissions, services have been held monthly, at least, for most of this time, and very gratifying signs of resulting spiritual growth have been given. At the confirmation at St. Stephen's last May, five were admitted to the Lord's Supper; and it is hoped others will come forward for the confirmation to be held on Feb. 28th. If any do, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will try to be present.

A step in advance is now to be taken, in the establishment of weekly services and a Bible-class. Bishop Stevens has licensed Mr. H. W. Syle (who has just taken up his residence in Philadelphia) as a lay-reader, for this purpose. The services will be held as before at St. Stephen's Church, 10th street, between Market and Chestnut, and at the same hour, 2:30 p. m. Instead of a sermon, they will be followed by the Bible-class, which will be dismissed at about the same time a sermon would end, as service for the hearing congregation begins at four o'clock.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet or one of his clerical associates, Rev. Dr. Clerc and Rev. Messrs. Berry and Chamberlain, will come down as before from time to time.

H. W. S.

## FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY  
HENRY WINTER-SYLE.

### Church Work in Great Britain.

FIRST PAPER.

MR. MATTHEW ROBERT BURNS.  
THE ROYAL ASSOCIATION IN AID OF THE DEAF AND DUMB, LONDON.

The earliest systematic effort to conduct religious services among the deaf and dumb after leaving school, of which we have any account, was that made by the late Mr. Matthew Robert Burns, himself a deaf-mute, in Scotland—first at Aberdeen, we believe, and then at Dundee—about forty years ago. Mr. Burns subsequently removed to London, where he labored long and earnestly, and with much benefit to the deaf and dumb. We had the privilege of calling on him at his home, in 1866, being introduced by Mr. D. T. Baker, the heraldic artist; and found him, although so enfeebled by the weight of years as to be obliged to relax his exertions, still full of enthusiasm in the Master's work. Since that time he has, we hear, been called to his reward. Of his personal history we know little; but the few specimens we have of his writings, principally addresses printed for circulation among the members of his congregation, display a vigorous mind, sound judgment, and the ability to express himself clearly and impressively.

Mr. Burns' labors date back to a time several years before any others of the kind, either in Great Britain or here; and unfamiliar as his name must be to our readers, it deserves to be held in honor as that of a warm-hearted and successful pioneer, who sought, at no little sacrifice, the spiritual good of a class, of whom he was himself one, shut out, to a great degree, from participating in the outward ordinances of religion.

About the time of Mr. Burns' departure from Scotland to England, a society was formed at Glasgow, which is still flourishing; and in 1841 the foundation was laid, in London, of what is now known as "The Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb." Of this last we will now give some account.

The organization was until lately known as the London Aid Association, and its labors were confined to the metropolis. Even now that it extends over England, Wales and Ireland, its field is much smaller than that of our own "Church Mission." But its regular operations have been much more varied in character than those of the Mission, or of any other similar body.

It has sustained regular religious services, meetings, and courses of lectures, in various parts of London, having as long ago as 1866 six or eight different stations in that great city. Its missionaries—all of them fitted for the work by experience as teachers in institutions—have also been constant in visiting their flock, seeking to minister to each one individually, in mind, body and estate. Many cases might be mentioned of persons who have been found in a most deplorable state of destitution, supplied with work, and assisted to become useful, self-respecting members of society. The struggle for existence is much sharper in England and particularly in London, where all the life of England centres, than in any part of the United States, except it be in a few of our largest cities. Every trade, as well as every profession, is over-crowded. Though deaf-mutes may learn their trades more thoroughly than here, from having to pass through a regular apprenticeship of six or seven years, yet as they are compelled for this purpose to leave school at an early age, they are in other respects often poorly prepared for the battle of life, and but for the encouragement and material aid afforded by the Association, many of them must have fallen and been trampled under foot.

The necessity of leaving school at between fourteen and sixteen, creates a corresponding necessity for fixing the age of admission quite early—at between ten and twelve, usually. The number who can be admitted to the Old Kent Road Asylum annually is limited; and it has often happened that children have applied unsuccessfully year after year, until they were too old. The door was shut in their faces forever!

The door of education would have been shut in their faces for life, but for the Aid Association. It has sought out such children, and supported them at the Institution at Brighton, about forty miles from London, where in a cheerful home, beautifully situated, on the sea coast, and under the tuition of so able a head-master as Mr. W. Sleight, their lot has doubtless been happier than if their first wish had been granted. So does Providence work—

Come, sunshine after rain,  
After sorrow, joy again;  
After bitter, heavy grief  
Come, surely sweet relief.

We reserve for another occasion fuller notice than we can now give of the excellent little magazine, edited by the Chaplain of the Association, Rev. Samuel Smith; its name is familiar to our readers from frequent mention in the JOURNAL.

One of the latest plans for the benefit of the deaf and dumb, but in successful operation, is a Penny Bank, in which they are encouraged to deposit their savings, which might seem too small to place in an ordinary savings bank, and might therefore be heedlessly wasted. The Association pays interest.

Special pains are taken to make the Christmas season truly a "merry" one. We have not yet heard what was the programme last Christmas, but presume it was similar to that at Christmas, 1873, which was as follows: On Christmas Eve, 116 married couples and single women were supplied with beef, flour and

groceries, of an average value of \$2.00, and twenty-eight others had gifts of money. On Christmas day fifteen poor men and youths sat down to a substantial dinner. Also a large number of persons were granted free admission to the Soiree at the Hanover Square Rooms, where they had a hearty tea and an evening's amusement.

For many years the headquarters of the Association were, where we found them in 1866-69, at the Polytechnic Institution, famous for the exhibitions of "popular science" given by Prof. J. H. Pepper, who repeated some of them in our principal cities two winters ago. Here they had a small office for the chaplains, and used one of the halls for Sunday services and week-day lectures. The want of a more suitable and permanent home was severely felt; and after long years of patient effort, a beautiful little church has been built, to which a residence for the chaplain and offices for the other missionaries, are attached. The church is named St. Saviour's, and is at 272 Oxford St., W.

The Association is, like most benevolent enterprises in Great Britain, principally, if not entirely, dependent for support upon annual subscriptions and occasional donations; and those received at the annual public meeting form no inconsiderable part of its income. It is therefore an object to secure some gentleman of high rank or distinguished position, to preside on this occasion. Among the eminent personages who have thus evinced their interest in the deaf and dumb, we recall representatives of both political parties, in the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the late Liberal Premier, and Sir John Pakington, formerly Conservative First Lord of the Admiralty. Lord Ebury has shown himself so steady a friend of the deaf and dumb, that a subscription is now being raised to procure his portrait.

Even royalty has been enlisted in the cause; the laying of the corner-stone of St. Saviour's Church, was performed by one of the royal family; and the Queen herself has recently consented to become the Patroness of the Association, and granted it special permission to include in its name the coveted epithet of "Royal."

We know how such honors are prized in the mother-country; but it is a higher and purer honor to be engaged in spreading the gospel among the deaf and dumb of not London alone, but the whole land.

The Divine blessing assuredly rests on the "Royal" and truly Christ-like "Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb."

### Minor Topics.

It is reported that cattle-raising is on the decline in California, while the grain, dairy and vineyard interests are continually growing.

A venerable woman, who died recently in Staunton, Va., at the age of one hundred and ten years, had lived in the same house one hundred years.

Among the 42,000,000 passengers carried over the Massachusetts railroads in 1874, only one person was killed and seven injured, except by personal carelessness.

Estimating ice to be worth half a cent a pound, or ten dollars a ton, the ice crop of 2,000,000 tons just harvested on the Hudson is more valuable by two millions of dollars than either the wheat or corn crop of the entire State of New York.

It has been officially reported to the Governor of Massachusetts, that 60,000 children in that state are growing up in ignorance, from being employed at too early an age, and too exclusively in factories.

An Arkansas cotton planter suggests that if each of the Southern planters interested in the Vanderbilt University at Nashville will give a bag of cotton, they can secure the finest telescope in the world for that institution.

In 1873 the California Fish Commissioners placed seven lobsters, all that remained of a hundred shipped from New York thither, in the Bay of San Francisco, and now the bay is reported to contain millions of little ones, which promise to furnish a bountiful supply for future consumption.

In our State Assembly are 24 lawyers, 29 farmers, 2 butchers, 3 gentlemen, (which?) 8 physicians, 6 liquor dealers, 5 real estate agents, 1 editor, 1 stenographer, 2 druggists, 9 merchants, 10 lumbermen; and 8 manufacturers. There are 109 married men, 3 widowers, and 16 bachelors.

The mud in the streets of Virginia City, Nevada, is so permeated with silver that a recent analysis showed that it contained at the rate of \$7.54 to the ton. The streets of some of the mining towns in Australia, are paved with the quartz crushings which when assayed have yielded one-sixteenth of a grain to a pound.

Messrs. Wilson's Sons & Co., of Hull, England, are about to establish a line of first-class steamers with that port on the eastern coast of England and New York. The firm are the largest private ship-owners in the world, having about fifty vessels running to nearly all European ports.

There are 10,500 miles of railway in Russia, of which 3,488 miles are owned by the State. There are besides 1,153 miles in process of construction, and 1,153 projected.

The morning and evening trains on the Eastern Railway, running from Boston to Lynn, for five cents, to accommodate the workmen, have proved nearly as remunerative as the average passenger trains, and it is anticipated that this year they will prove the most remunerative of any leaving the city.

Harold Vasagar, a gigantic Norwegian lumberman, living in Wisconsin, is reported to have been attacked by wolves recently, while felling trees in the forest; and it is said that he killed thirteen of them with his axe, and the rest of the pack, eighteen in number, fled and left him master of the situation, and without serious injury.

The coal lands of the Girard estate, and the productiveness of the 550 acres in the vicinity of Philadelphia have so appreciated in value, that the Directors of the city trust have decided to erect new buildings to accommodate 500 additional orphans; to be connected with the Girard Orphan Asylum. It now cares for 550 orphans.

The Czar of Russia has prevailed upon his Mennonite subjects to abandon their idea of emigration to avoid military service, which is contrary to their religious faith. He offers them the privilege of spending the period allotted for this service in civil employment for the government factories, or as hospital attendants. They accept the concessions and express their preference for forest work.

It is safe to assert that a lease for 999 years has never run out in this country, but this has recently occurred in England. An estate let for that term has reverted to the original holders or their representatives. The land is at Woolwich, and was church property a thousand years ago, but was leased to the crown for military purposes. "Few incidents," as an English exchange remarks, "could speak more eloquently of the stability of English institutions, and the law-abiding nature of Englishmen and their respect for the rights of property, than that there should be an unbroken continuity of possession from the time of Alfred the Great to that of Queen Victoria."

### The Arctic Wave.

We give below the state of the thermometer as taken in the Northern part of the village at an early hour each morning since the 7th inst.:

February 7th, 27° below zero.
" 8th, 12° " "
" 9th, 12° " "
" 10th, 21° " "
" 11th, 20° above "
" 12th, at " "
" 13th, 12° below "
" 14th, 6° " "
" 15th, 2° " "
" 16th, 5° above "

During five of the above days the mercury stood at or below zero during the entire day.

### Remember the Poor.

We are in the midst of one of the hardest winters ever known in this latitude. We have had a long succession of freezing nights, howling storms and biting blasts. For many long and dreary days the quicksilver in our Fahrenheit's has hugged zero. Now is the time to remember the poor. Having done nobly for the destitute of Nebraska and Kansas, we must not overlook the needy and destitute of our own localities. Look around among your neighbors and see if any are suffering from cold or hunger. It would be very surprising if there were not families in this vicinity to-day needing help.

A hard winter has comparatively few terrors for those who can see their way through, well fed, well clothed, and well housed, but to the poor and needy the prospect is chilling. No record will live longer before Heaven than one filled with noble charities. The poor homes made happy by your liberality will keep your memory bright when even the marble has crumbled upon your grave.

The response to the appeal made in this paper and otherwise for clothing to send to the Kansas and Nebraska sufferers, has been most generous, the contributions, at a low estimate, amounting in value to \$650, and without doubt, but for the snow blockade there would have been much more. In reference to an impression which has gone abroad that this clothing is to go to Presbyterians alone, we are requested to state that, although it will be consigned to home missionaries sent out by that denomination, it will be distributed to the needy wherever they may be.

Bishop Huntington did not officiate in the Episcopal church on Sunday night, for the simple reason, as we suppose, that it was impossible to get here.

It is thought that the Bible was read more last Sunday than on any single day in years before, there being an utter dearth of newspapers.

### Bad for the Muskrats.

What has become of those venerable and far-seeing weather-prophets who stood around the corners last fall, and after a characteristic glance at the skies sagely predicted a very mild winter? Can they be found with a search warrant? Should one ever appear again, he is earnestly requested to "rise and explain." One old Delphic oracle in whom we have formerly had the most implicit confidence, assured us that he had made that heavenly orb known as the Moon a close study for over three weeks, and at the same time he had reflectively noticed the habits of that cunning animal known as the muskrat, and that everything indicated a light winter. He relied more particularly upon the muskrat and said that after an extended and thoughtful observation of the plans and doings of those interesting animals he had discovered that they had not laid in their usual winter stores and had not protected their residences as they were wont to do when a hard winter was coming. As the result shows that there must have been a great misapprehension among the muskrats, great fears are entertained that much suffering must exist among that large and respected portion of the animal kingdom.

### Another Appeal.

Geo. W. Wood, Leader of the Praying Association, has received from his brother, L. A. Wood, who is a regularly appointed agent for obtaining help, and from other entirely reliable persons living in that region, a very urgent appeal for contributions to the suffering poor in the vicinity of Americus, Lyon Co., Kansas. They represent that hundreds of families there can be saved from perishing from hunger and cold only by the hand of public charity. An earnest invitation to a generous public, without distinction of denomination or class, to contribute partially worn clothing of all sorts and sizes, also bedding and dried fruits, for their relief, which articles are to be left at the store of H. C. Peck, where they will be properly put in boxes and sent on. The public collection of money made at the union service in the Methodist church on Sunday evening, amounted to \$22.30, instead of \$27.04 as was announced. It is desired to largely increase this amount with money, also left with Mr. Peck. It is important to attend to this matter immediately, so as to send on, if possible, next week. Liberal contributions have already been sent in from this place to other destitute regions in Kansas, but we can do very much more. Let us look through our well supplied homes and generously divide with the poor, now so greatly in need. Large contributions can be made without even curtailing our own comforts. For the love of humanity and of God, let us now give. The surrounding regions as well as the village are invited to this work.

### The Oswego County Praying Association.

This Association formally closed their labors here on Sunday, although meetings, conducted in the same manner and in about the same order, will be continued in the Methodist church throughout the week, and on one more of the Association will remain. These men have proved themselves very earnest workers, who, during their stay have won the high esteem of Christians here of all denominations, and whose labors have been very successful. After the sermon on Sunday morning 155 persons took part in the exercises. In the evening a union Communion service was held, when about 270 partook of the Lord's Supper. The interest continues unabated. Most of the members of the Association expect to rest until Saturday, when they will commence a series of meetings in the village New Haven.

It is well understood that this Association as a band of workers ask no remuneration for their services as a condition of laboring in any community; and that the most of them would not accept from their treasury anything above their expenses. It should also be known that a number of them are of quite limited means, and unable, in justice to their families, to continue in this work, to which they feel God has called them, without some compensation for their time. They have already visited places, and expect to visit others this season, without the prospect of their expenses even being met. We heartily commend them for their self-sacrificing spirit. As their labors have been of great value to us as a community, we doubt not many of our citizens, irrespective of denominations, would like to show their appreciation of their visit here in a tangible and substantial way by contributions to their treasury. Any who are so disposed can leave their contributions with the treasurer of the Association, L. B. Cobb, at his store. In justice to these brethren, it should be said, that we give this designation entirely by our own prompting.

We trust many will cheerfully share with them in the sacrifice they make for the Master.

Report hath it that one of our devils is keeping company with a girl in the eastern part of the county. She came to see him just before the storm, and, of course, is obliged to stay, much to the grief of her parents and the delight of the devil. He is very happy but wants to draw his wages in advance now.

In our village not a single dancing party has been a success this winter and many are so disgusted as to be disposed to give them up entirely. The cold weather and religious interest have had much to do with this.

Mexico is a safe place at present, safe from sheriffs and dunning letters. You cannot get away and lose yourself, neither can anybody from the outside seize you. With plenty to eat and a good fire you may be joyful.

### Cazenovia Seminary.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL JUBILEE.

Fifty years ago the first day of December, 1874, a school called the "Genesee Conference Seminary" was opened for the "instruction of youth of both sexes," in the old Madison County Court House in this place. Could the founders of the school have had a clear vision of the succeeding fifty years of its work and influence, their astonishment could only have been equalled by their joy and thanksgiving. Among its instructors they would have seen some of the most eminent scholars in the land. They would have seen a vast array of youth from all parts of the country gathered for instruction, many of whom now occupy positions of trust and responsibility in the highest walks of life. From these twelve thousand young men and women, they would have seen more than three thousand conversions to Christ. In short, they would have seen their unpretending seminary a focus of intellectual and religious light, the value of which can never be estimated by any human arithmetic.

These thousands scattered by circumstances and enterprise over the earth, having married and given in marriage, toiled and sacrificed, mourned and rejoiced, met defeat and won victory, propose, after these fifty years, to come back to their Alma Mater and renew associations of their earlier and school years—to hold a semi-centennial jubilee.

The jubilee steps toward this proposed jubilee celebration have been taken. The following call, signed by three or four hundred prominent men in all parts of the country is step number one:

"The undersigned, former students, teachers and officers of the Cazenovia Seminary, believing that the close of the fiftieth year of the noble work of this institution ought to be recognized in some way valuable to the cause of education, respectfully invite a re-union of all the students, teachers and officers now surviving, in Cazenovia, on the 7th and 8th days of July, 1875."

We ask the resident students, faculty and officers to make all necessary arrangements for the re-union, to be placed under the supervision of Rev. A. J. Phelps."

It may not be improper to state in this connection that there is in preparation a "Memorial Book," which will contain: 1. A history of the Seminary from its origin till the present time. 2. Catalogues of all the faculties and other officers. 3. A list, arranged alphabetically and chronologically, of the students, together with their residence while students, their present residence, occupation, marriages, and other items of personal interest; and 4. A full and complete account of the Jubilee Celebration.

In gathering the materials for his book, especially those relating to the personal history of the earlier students, the work is herculean. They are found in Oregon, in Florida, in Canada, in Mexico, South America, in Europe, in Egypt, in China in the depths of large cities and on the broad prairies; in every conceivable occupation, from tin peddler to the highest ecclesiastical, civil and military concerns. And alas! many, fully one-third, are dead.

It will be seen, therefore, that most hearty co-operation from all the Alumni (these include both those who have completed either full or partial courses of study here) is needed in order to make the information complete. Satisfactory information relative to the above above nine thousand alumni has already been obtained. Various plans to obtain these facts have been tried. The most satisfactory one has been to make lists of all students from the different towns and cities, entering upon those lists the years when such students were here, and then send these lists to old students still residing in those places, or to the postmasters, requesting them to fill out the blanks with the desired information. In most cases the response has been prompt and satisfactory. But it is evident some of the friends either do not realize how much is depended upon them for the successful prosecution of this work, or they are too full of other cares to devote the necessary time and attention. Will they please, therefore, devote themselves to this work for a day or two, and give to the Institution what money cannot buy, if it had ever so much?

W. S. SMYTH, Principal.

### The Cold Snap—Hamlet and Horatio Endorsed.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the "oldest inhabitants" was held near the Post-office yesterday (Monday) to take into consideration the late "spell of cold weather." The twelve signs of Zodiac were carefully considered and some amendments made thereto, after which a stormy discussion followed concerning the latest "phases of the moon," and some very suspicious movements of certain sun-dogs. The relation of St. Valentine's day to the weather was also solemnly considered. The general sentiment seemed to be that the history of forty years could not furnish a duplicate of the past week.

The previous question was finally ordered, and it was unanimously

Voted, That Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, had a level head when, during a cold snap, similar to the present, he uttered the following grand and glorious constitutional sentiment, to wit:

"The air bites shrewdly—it is very cold."

Voted, That Horatio's head was just as level as Hamlet's, and perhaps a little more so, when he eloquently and majestically responded:

"It is a nipping and an eager air."

—Let weather prophets take heed how they speak. Our foreman, John Berry, prophesied rain on Monday, of last week, and all the devils have been after him ever since.



# WACKFORD SQUEERS, ESQ.

His Name is Weed, and he Presides Over the Deaf and Dumb Institute.

HE INSISTS ON THE PRIVILEGE OF READING THE PUPILS' CORRESPONDENCE.

And Locks them Up in Dark Closets, and Diets them on Bread and Water for Weeks.—A State of Affairs that Requires Investigation.

(Special Correspondence of the Chicago Times.)

DELAVAN, Wis., Jan. 9.—Delavan, where is located the Wisconsin Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, has of late been cognizant of and excited over the administration, by Prof. Weed, of the interior affairs of that institution. The particulars of its management have been but recently published to those interested in maintaining the institution, and it is hoped that *The Times* may be the medium through which they shall be impressed with the necessity for an investigation without unnecessary delay. The institution has been in operation for a number of years, during which it has enjoyed a generous patronage, divided among Wisconsin and the neighboring States. Until the present incumbent assumed charge, it bore a reputation as enviable as it was deserved. Shortly subsequent to his advent

RUMORS OF THE MALADMINISTRATION OF THE INSTITUTION INTERESTS

were whispered, which have recently become so patent to everyone as to be publicly canvassed, and Prof. Weed owes it to himself to obtain an investigation to the end that an odium his course has entailed may be removed. The management of the institution is vested in a board of trustees, upon whose recommendation the governor appoints its executive, whose retention in office is contingent upon his good behavior. When Dr. Milligan severed his connection with the institution, Weed made an application for the position, assuming an experience passed in the Ohio State Asylum for the Blind, where he claimed to have officiated as principal of the institution. Pending the disposal of the application, members of the board were appointed to visit the principal institutions for educating the deaf and dumb throughout the country, and secure a meritorious person for the position. During the examination of the junketing party they accidentally halted at Columbus, O., and inquired as to

THE CHARACTER OF WEED.

Either he was not sufficiently endorsed, or for some other reason shrouded in the mysteries of an executive session of the committee, they failed to act favorably toward the candidacy of Mr. Weed, and continued their trip to Hartford, and fixed upon a young man named E. C. Stone for the position. He remained two or three years, when he was recalled to Hartford by his father, which occasioned the vacancy once more. Weed again addressed the board, and at this date Dr. Chapin, one of the trustees, effected the contract by the terms of which he now holds office, and which he has violated repeatedly.

During his term of office, he has been guilty of malfeasance sufficient to make him an object of considerable interest for a grand jury. He has been arbitrary and dictatorial in his intercourse with those under his charge, as he has been insulting to his patrons. In short, his conduct has been a repetition of that practiced by Wackford Squeers, Esq., with such revisions and improvement thereon as have been gotten by experience and observation.

One of his first efforts was made in defiance of all precedent and custom, an order directing that all correspondence between inmates and friends must be

SUBMITTED TO HIS CONSIDERATION

before the same could be received or mailed. One can readily imagine the spectacle that would be presented had this outrageous regulation been enforced for any considerable length of time. With what pleasure he would have perused the communications addressed to a "Cobbey," or one from the "Maternal Aunt of a Graymarsh," or from the mother-in-law of one "Mobbs" advising that, in consequence of his inattention to duty, she had given a double-bladed knife with a corkscrew in it to the missionaries for heathen. This practice was continued until

A MINIATURE REBELLION

was raised that threatened secession, when it was modified. But long after, fragments of letters to inmates from abroad were found in the waste-basket, which gave unmistakable evidence of the existence of a censor. This caused a scene of confusion and disorder which was only quelled when the participants were imprisoned in one of the closets, and disciplined until they were ready to shout *pecceari*. During the year 1871, Weed celebrated Washington's birthday at the institution in a manner peculiar to his single ideas, which was the means of renewing the disorder that had but recently subsided. Thirteen of the pupils formed a purpose of impeaching him in some appropriate way, suggestive of their disgust of his conduct. Upon learning of the conspiracy, he summoned an assemblage of all the male pupils, and, singling out those whom he suspected of the "offense," demanded of them that they should sign a paper and obey certain rules, which was refused. When their refusal was announced, he seized one of them, named Murphy, at present a student at the Mutes' college in Washington, with intent to administer a flagellation. Murphy defended himself, until overpowered by the combined efforts of Weed and the steward, named Woodbury, when he surrendered, and with the twelve remaining was locked up in separate cubby-holes, and fed on bread and water for a season. While in quod he endeavored to coerce them into signing the paper, but was severally refused by all. One of those imprisoned was finally persuaded to yield by his sister,

but the balance continued firm in their determination. The punishment finally became so severe that all but two, Murphy and Hudson, surrendered. On the fourth day these two last besought Weed's forgiveness, which he refused, and immured them in dark closets for

TEN DAYS LONGER.

Daylight was vouchsafed them at long intervals, and only then when their necessities obliged a change of base. Their menu consisted of two emaciated slices of bread, washed down with a meagre supply of water. At the expiration of four days, feeble from the effects of confinement and urged by the pangs of hunger, the two implored his forgiveness again, and were released upon conditions. They stood on a platform in the chapel and confessed their "wrong doings" to the school, while Weed chuckled at the victory he had accomplished. The "offenders" submitted to this exaction because of the fact that they were driven to accept it by fear of starvation. As a sequel to this course of discipline, he debarrd them from privileges, and otherwise imposed on their hopeless condition, heaping indignities upon them which continued until the summer vacation gave them a respite. A majority of the thirteen did not return when the fall term of the school was resumed, nor did the advanced class, alleging as a reason therefor the fraud and deceit of this humanitarian.

Weed suspected the efforts of P. S. Englehardt had caused this condition of affairs, and treated him contemptuously on this supposition. His salary was reduced, and his accommodations were purposely rendered uncomfortable and untenable.

MRS. CORNELL,

the matron, who treated the pupils with motherly kindness, and was much esteemed by the residents of the town, resigned her position rather than endure the tyranny to which she was subjected by Weed and Mrs. Hills, the assistant matron, with whom Weed was on terms of intimacy. Mrs. H. succeeded to Mrs. Cornell's position, and the latter is at present in charge of the female department of the Ohio institute.

Mrs. Hills is said to be not only incompetent, but unmindful of the comfort of those under her charge, and neglectful of her duties. She is retained by the influence of Weed, and upon an investigation will not be able to show a clear record.

MR. VALENTINE,

one of the best and most skillful teachers ever employed at the institution, also resigned for causes similar to those which influenced Mrs. Cornell. He is now engaged in the Indiana state institution.

Weed has been in the habit of punishing the pupils by modes as varied as his brain, fertile in expedients of torture, as was able to suggest,—by flogging them, confining them, denying them such innocent amusements as the institution afforded, and otherwise. One lad who failed to notice the movements of Weed as was expected was

BRUTALLY KNOCKED DOWN

and severely injured. The dumb waiter reaching from the basement to an upper floor has been reconstructed to places of imprisonment. It is divided into compartments five feet square, excluding both air and light. Into these and also dark closets the boys are locked for some real or fancied violation of rules. Flogging is also one of the Christian modes of compelling obedience to his mandates, and it is often of the most unmerciful character. He was also in the habit of introducing one of the pupils into his sanctum by the hair on his head, and when he had him there forced him to attach his signature to a confession ready prepared, which he exhibited to the board of trustees as justification for his conduct.

When parents, relatives or friends visit the institution, they are treated in a manner in violation of all the rules of courtesy and hospitality, as also contrary to the express rules of the institution. This is generally the case with deaf and dumb visitors from abroad. Two deaf-mutes, formerly pupils, visited the institution and were insulted. A former pupil, named C. A. Carey, now a student at the Mutes' college in Washington, was insulted and driven from the establishment by Weed without other reason than that W. suspected that he was the cause of some dissatisfaction among the pupils, which was unfounded. Another former pupil, named William Brophy, was once protected from insult by the teacher mentioned above, P. S. Englehardt. The pupils threatened

A SECOND REBELLION

if this practice was continued, and the fear of it for a time restrained Weed. A boy, while peeping out of his place of confinement and conversing with a companion, was attacked by Weed from the rear. He was rapped about the head unmercifully, but as soon as he was able to recover and defend himself, Weed fled. One of the pupils, named Rufus Hadley, was imprisoned for eight days and dieted on bread and water for uttering complaint at the criminal act of opening his letters by Weed. The wrongs and indignities were borne by the recipients thereof in silence, until longer toleration was not to be considered. There was no appeal for redress that could be made, and they were committed to their own ingenuity to contrive means whereby their hardships might be alleviated if not checked. If they published their grievances abroad, Weed imprisoned them as malefactors, and in the health-depriving, enervating atmosphere of a closet they were dieted until repentance and a revocation of their allegations were enforced. On the 18th of last December the cruelties, which had increased in variety and extent, admonished many of them that unless they took measures into their own hands, it was but an introduction to

A MORE HEARTLESS SEQUEL.

A few of the inmates met together and, discussing the situation, determined upon a plan of action. This small beginning was augmented by accessions to their ranks, until the "banditti" compre-

hended about forty members, the greater number of pupils in attendance. They collected a great quantity of available material, such as clubs, ball bats, stones, &c., for the purpose of resisting the advance of Weed and his underlings, when they retired to their respective dormitories. When night set in they indicated their existence by noises long and loud, for the purpose of drawing the enemy's fire, and were not delayed in a realization of their wishes in that behalf. He came up stairs and took in the situation without remaining any considerable length of time. Appreciating the danger that might overtake a too critical investigation, he hurried back to his office as if pursued by the devil, and delegated to servants the power to investigate the occurrence. Nothing came of it that night, but on the following morning he promised pardon to all who confessed, without reprisals. This included the opinion of Hon. John DeWolf, Hon. Mr. Irish, Edward Topping, Esq., Mr. Barlow, Postmaster Melville, and others. In addition there should be a new board chosen. The present members are old, infirm, and fail to appreciate the requirements of their office. Their chief claim for consideration is their adhesion to the Congregational synod, and they run the institution under the wishes of the church. Give us a new board and a competent principal, and the wishes of all who desire the institution's success will be consulted.

OREGON NOTES.

PURPOSE OF CHASTISEMENT.

This was obtained, and one of the guilty, named O'Connell, directed to remove his superfluous garments, as the danger of his spoiling was to be estopped by a liberal and literal application of the rod. He obeyed the command, and Weed stepped nimbly forward to do execution. At this about 40 boys stepped forward and prevented its accomplishment. He procured assistance, and returned to the assault, but was again repulsed in disorder. A third time he attempted the flogging of O'Connell, but he was as often obliged to succumb to the force of numbers and circumstances with which he was met. In this last encounter, notwithstanding the beadle was assisted in his attempt by five teachers, informally by these however, and Master Weed with a pistol, he was ingloriously defeated and thoroughly pasted as to his head. The pupils having achieved victory, and secured the possession of the gad as a memorial, retired from the scene, leaving the discomfited Bumble mourning the loss of his influence. Weed endeavored to hush the matter up, but one of the hands employed at a neighboring mill, calling at the institution on an errand, heard of the anarchy prevailing, reported it to his employer, who drove to Mr. Aram's, one of the trustees, and advised him; but to this the latter paid no attention for three days. At the expiration of that time, it became noised about Delavan, and causing considerable excitement, Aram visited the institution with a brother trustee and requested the pupils to sign a paper agreeing to

KEEP THE AFFAIR QUIET,

and be friendly with Weed, until a meeting of the full board, which would be convened in a fortnight. Those who refused to sign the paper would be expelled. The pupils accepted the alternative and expressed a willingness to retire. Finally all signed, two after having had a private interview with Weed, who charged them with being ringleaders, and quiet reigned for two weeks, during which time a teacher named Schilling officiated in Weed's stead. A meeting of the board was duly held, all members except one Thomas being present, but the pupils claim that at that meeting their defense was not listened to, and they were unfairly treated. They examined Weed and all of the teachers, some of whom defended the action of the pupils, and one or two of the inmates. At the conclusion of the meeting Dr. A. F. Chapin, president of the board, and of Beloit college, announced,

THE DECISION

decreeing the expulsion of Rufus Hadley, of Chicago, P. H. O'Connell, of Westfield, Mo., and Charles W. Scott, of Brothertown, Wis. He also reprimanded the pupils and admonished them with the teachers to honor and obey Weed. This unexpected denouement was not received with that applause it was anticipated would follow its promulgation. On the contrary, it caused intense excitement, and a number of the pupils advised the board that they would leave the institution if such measures were enforced. They were, however, restrained, and consented to remain for the present. The three inmates expelled left for their homes at once, and the institution has sustained a damage not easily repaired in the course pursued by the trustees.

It is said that the institution is carried on in the interest of a religious sect of which Weed is a shining light, and in communion with Chapin, both being exhorters in the Congregational church. This fact has influenced the board hitherto in their recommendations, and at present controls the affairs of the institution when opposed by those of an opposite religious belief. Weed, it is said, would never have been appointed but for the fact that he was a Congregationalist, and the board are severely censured for the lax manner in which the institution has been managed for the past ten years. When J. S. Officer died, the board appointed Dr. Milligan, of the Pennsylvania institute, to fill the vacancy. He was much esteemed and loved by all the pupils and effected some material improvements in the organization and direction of affairs, but being an Episcopalian, he was suffered to remain for three years, and refusing to consort with Congregationalists, or permit baked meats and preserves to be contributed to Congregational festivals, he was

CHECKED OFF THE PAY ROLL

and set adrift, and he finally anchored as teacher in the Illinois institution. A Mr. Smiler succeeded Dr. Milligan, but

being a praying Methodist, he was bounced *sans ceremony* and Mr. Stone, a youthful member of the church in which Dr. Chapin and his colleagues worship, substituted. He tarried until Dr. Weed was brought from ancient Ohio, with a reputation for cruelty his official acts have confirmed, to teach unfortunates who are placed under his care.

Your correspondent conversed with a number of citizens residing in Delavan who are of the opinion that the institution is.

WEAVING ITS WAY TO OBSCURITY.

Weed is said to be generally disliked by the inhabitants of Delavan, by his pupils and their parents. They, one and all, with scarcely an exception, are of the opinion that the interests of the institution would be promoted if Weed were to resign. This includes the opinion of Hon. John DeWolf, Hon. Mr. Irish, Edward Topping, Esq., Mr. Barlow, Postmaster Melville, and others. In addition there should be a new board chosen. The present members are old, infirm, and fail to appreciate the requirements of their office. Their chief claim for consideration is their adhesion to the Congregational synod, and they run the institution under the wishes of the church. Give us a new board and a competent principal, and the wishes of all who desire the institution's success will be consulted.

OREGON NOTES.

Mr. EDITOR:—The Deaf-Mutes' JOURNAL comes here regularly, much to our satisfaction, and looks as bright in its new suit as is its reputation among the intelligent deaf-mutes of the world. A few items and scattering thoughts from this institution may interest some of the deaf-mute readers of your paper, hence I will send you the following items:

In common with the public school in this town, the Deaf-Mute School had a vacation from the 18th of December to the 5th of January last. On Christmas day our pupils had a tip-top dinner and a good time in the evening. The day was spent in the many ways of amusement, and all had a merry Christmas.

Mrs. Cora W. Smith would like to know the whereabouts of Mrs. John Lake, whose maiden name was A. E. Thorn, so that she can correspond with her.

Some of our most advanced pupils formed a new society called the Temperance Mute Society, and each member wears a silver pin as a badge of membership.

A friend of mine recently informed me that a well educated deaf-mute, whose name I had better withhold, traveled as an agent in this State for the *Deaf-Mute Gazette*, though he knew it had long been deceased, and outwitted his subscribers to the extent of several hundred dollars, after which he secretly took his departure.

Prof. Smith was confined to his bed by bilious fever, but he is now better, and will resume teaching to-morrow. He has a garden of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  acres and has planted 29 fruit trees.

Three days ago was the coldest and worst day known in this State since its settlement. The thermometer was 12° below zero, and the wind blew hard all day with a fine snow which was beating and driving into our house. Prof. Smith had the misfortune to lose some of his chickens by freezing.

A Japanese boy was sent by the government to this institution to learn the sign language, in order to teach the Japanese afflicted like ourselves. He is a handsome, stylish, companionable young man, a fellow of pleasing address and makes a favorable impression on many of our pupils, who have formed his acquaintance. He is indeed a favorite with the fortunate few who are favored with his company. He is remarkable for his quickness in learning our signs, and boards at Rev. Mr. Knight's house.

GUILLERMO.

Salem, Oregon, Jan. 25th, 1875.

NEWS BY TELEGRAPH.

[Earl D. Soule, the popular operator of the Dominion Telegraph, has furnished us with the following items of news. Such kindness in a time like this cannot be too highly appreciated.—Ed.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—At Babylon, L. I., yesterday morning, a pigeon match for \$1,100, between Richard Peters and Louis Snyder, of Phil., was won by Peters, killed 25, missed 25; Snyder killed 22, missed 28.

HARTFORD, Feb. 12.—Fire this morning, three o'clock, swept important mercantile blocks on corner Main and Temple streets. Loss \$230,000.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—Mr. Conklin, of New York, in the Senate, reported from judiciary committee a bill to fix the salaries of District Judges of the U. S., for the Northern and Southern Districts of New York, passed. It provides that the salaries of those judges shall be \$6,000 per annum, from and after April 1, 1875.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—A New Hampshire paper reports that Mr. Pike, member of Congress from that State, had stated that, in conversation with him, the President had said: The idea of running for a third term had never entered my mind; a man who would not get enough of the presidency in two terms must be a different man from any who has ever had it. Mr. Pike was asked this evening whether this report was true. He seemed annoyed and frightened, and said he had not seen the report and positively declined to say anything on the subject.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—The trial of Tilton vs. Beecher suffered an interruption yesterday. The ice in East River prevented regular trips of ferry boats from Fulton St. to Brooklyn. One jurymen, Mr. Taylor, and three of the counsel for the defence were prevented from crossing in time to attend the regular opening of the court. A postponement of the trial was therefore made until Monday, at eleven o'clock.

MADRID, Feb. 12.—King Alfonso has arrived at Valladolid, capital of the province of that name.

The Bank of Spain has advanced the grant \$100,000,000 reals.

A decree has been issued calling out 70,000 men for military service, 15,000 of whom are to be sent to Cuba.

Marshal Serrano will pay homage to King Alfonso to-morrow.

OGDENSBURG, Feb. 15.—Thermometer this morning indicated 18° below zero. New YORK, Feb. 15.—Gold closed 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Boston, Feb. 15.—Revenue Cutter Gallatin arrived yesterday from Provincetown, where she has been engaged for the past 3 days assisting a fleet of thirty or more ice bound vessels. The Gallatin brought up four men rescued from the schooner John Brannere from Florida for Boston, which was caught in the ice and stranded. The men were badly frozen, and amputation of their feet and hands will be necessary. In two cases they were sent to the Marine Hospital for treatment.

WATERTOWN, Feb. 15.—At 11:15 a. m., the road was open between Antwerp and Heuvelton; only two miles to shovel between Ogdensburg and Heuvelton. The plow from the north is now one mile north of Philadelphia. It will have to be shoveled from there to Evan's Mills, then the road will be open from Watertown to Ogdensburg. Think we will be able to get the train through on Tuesday, if the weather is fair, to Ogdensburg. The road on the south is about the same, there are miles and miles to be shoveled yet, and it will probably take two days. The train which left Rome Saturday got as far as Taberg, and returned to Rome. Last night they started out again. The plow that left Watertown Friday morning got within two miles of Adams Centre Saturday night. The party which left Watertown got off into the ditch two miles north of Watertown. The party which left Ogdensburg got two miles and a half south. The party which left DeKalb Junction Friday got to Rensselaer Falls Saturday night.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—The Secretary of War has ordered the Adjutant General to send telegrams to the commanding generals in the Department of Dakota, the Platte, and the Missouri, instructing them to carry out the directions of the recent general order, providing for furnishing supplies to the sufferers by the grasshopper ravages with the utmost despatch. The Quartermaster General and Commissary General are to telegraph the officers of their departments to the same effect.

KINGSTON, ONT., Feb. 15.—Bishop Horan, late Roman Catholic Bishop of Kingston, died this morning in this city.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—There is a report which is gaining ground every day, to the effect that one of the jurors in the Tilton-Beecher scandal will soon conclude the proceedings by offering a surgeon's certificate in which it will be stated that to remain on duty will be to die of pulmonary disease. The trial will abruptly close with the withdrawal of the delicate juror and there will be no attempt to revive it. There are a thousand versions of this report, and oddly enough both sides agree in circulating it.

The following is the condition of the R. W. and O. R. R.: Road open from Rome to Richland except three miles between West Camden and Williams-town, and one half mile between Kasoag and Albion. Road open from Watertown to Adams Centre, and Watertown to Ogdensburg. Road will be open to-day.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—Rufus Hatch, Manager Pacific Mail Co., has desired company's attorney to take steps to recover from Erwin moneys he has sworn to have received from Stockwell, and disbursed for subsidy purposes.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—A fire occurred early this morning in the tenement house, No. 627 East Ninth St., by which Mrs. Wells and her child four years of age, were burned to death. The family lived on the top floor; the husband and several children were rescued by the firemen with ladders, but the wife and one child could not be reached. The fire escape was nearly rendered useless, and the inmates of the house were nearly all taken out on firemen's ladders in the condition in which they left their beds.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—Washington despatch says second Louisiana Committee are equally divided. Hoar and Fry disposed to favor the recognition of Kellogg, and endorse the action of returning board.

PARISH.

Last Sunday evening, there was a concert of the Methodist Sunday School at the church in this place. Singing, recitations and dialogues were the order of the evening.

Mrs. Nutting, having regained her health, resumes her position as teacher to-day. Miss Norton returns to the branch school.

During the past week we have had the coldest weather of the season. Ludington & Brown are now selling goods at cost, and will continue to do so till April next. They wish to get rid of the old stock so as to begin anew.

Last Tuesday evening, we had the pleasure of looking upon the Mexico Grange. Those sturdy sons of toil of the grand old town of Mexico, are not a class of men to be laughed down, ridiculed down, threatened down, or poohed down. They perfectly understand what they are about, and they are not afraid to stand up in the dignity of their farmer manhood, and assert their principles. In one short visit with them we came to the conclusion that the town of Mexico had great reason to be proud of its farmers.

Odd.

Parish, Feb. 8, 1875.

—Farmers hereabouts have commenced plowing—snow.

# THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A PAPER

DEAF & DUMB

FOR THE

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

The Journal for 1875,

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

DEPARTMENT EVERY

WILL BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE

BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS AIM WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT

CORRESPONDENCE

We are always on the lookout for something new, and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor to have every Institution and School for the deaf represented in our columns, and we invite correspondence and contributions from every part of the globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of

HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M.,

Who needs no introduction to our readers.

HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,

Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.



Floating Time.

Hour by hour, and day by day,  
Years are flying fast away,  
Marking in their change sublime  
Heart throbs in the pulse of Time.

Rising planets, setting suns,  
Hours of dawn, waning moons,  
Each by each recorded here,  
Measures out the coming year.

Holy Sabbaths in their flight  
Link the weeks in chains of light;  
Month by month in order due,  
Glides the long procession through.

Stormy March and wild September,  
Fiery July and gray November,  
Winter's cold and Summer's prime—  
Milestones in the path of Time,  
All to thoughtless mortals cry,  
As the year is rolling by,  
"Great Eternity draws nigh!"

About Babies.

A great many curious things happen to babies in this round world of ours, that readers in general probably never hear of. One thing is—planting them. This is done by dark-skinned women of Guinea, and isn't half so dreadful as it sounds. The mother digs a hole in the ground, stands baby in it, and then packs the warm sand around him to keep him in place, as you set out a rose bush. It keeps him out of mischief, and he can play in the sand while his mother works. All day long he stays in his odd crib, and at night, when she is done with her work, he is dug out. When this agricultural mother wants to carry baby about she ties him into a chair, which she straps to her back. If it is some very grand occasion, he is dressed neatly in stripes of white paint, and ornamented with dozens of brass bracelets and rings on arms and legs. A funny-looking baby he must be! If you don't fancy a crib of sand for a baby, what do you think of a big shoe stuffed with moss to make it comfortable?

The droll little Lapps cradle their babies in that way. The shoe is large, of course, and made of reindeer skin. It comes up high at the back, like the slipper we wear now-a-days, and is turned up at the toes. The moss with which it is stuffed is the famous reindeer moss, soft and white; and the odd little black-eyed baby looks very comfortable, hanging from a tree or slung across its mother's back. Perhaps this baby who lives in a shoe is no more comical than the baby who lives in a fur bag—another sober little black-eyed baby, away on in the shivery Esquimaux huts. Besides being cradled in a fur bag at his mother's back, this round-faced little fellow wears a fur hood, and looks like some strange kind of animal peeping out in the world.

You may have seen the Indian baby, or papoose, bound flat to a board—poor little creature! One tribe—the Flatheads, make a rude sort of a box of bark, or willow-work; and wrap the baby—"little man" they call him—in a piece of blanket, strap him tightly to the box, and hang it tightly across two sticks. Besides this, the unfortunate little fellow has a broad board over his forehead to make him a Flathead.

Even the Russian mother cradles her baby on a square board, hung from the wall, by strings from each corner, like the pan in a balance.

In India, the funny little black babies either sit on their mothers' hips, and hold on by clasping their hands over their shoulders, or they take airy rides in a basket on their heads. These babies are elegantly dressed in armlets, bracelets, anklets, and leglets (if one might make a word), finger-rings, toe-rings, ear-rings, and nose-rings. As for clothes they don't need many when they wear so much jewelry.

China babies—not dolls, but babies that live in China—are sadly in the way among the poor. Sometimes they are cradled in a bag on their mother's back, and sometimes they are tied to the backs of older children, who go about as though they had no such load. Many poor Chinese live in boats on the river, and the baby that comes to such a family is tied by a long rope to the mast. It is long enough to let the child creep around, but not long enough to let him fall overboard. There is another curious custom regarding habits which prevail in some parts of China. If one dies, it is not buried as other people are; it is thrown out carelessly, and crumblers are fired off at the door. Here and there at the corners of the streets, charitable people build small houses, with openings to drop the neglected little bodies in, and that is all the burial they get.

They tried to scare a man in Missouri by threatening to tar and feather him; but he replied: "Come on with your old tar; I've been there six times, and I've got a receipt for washing it off."

A woman, living near the Richard Mine, in Morris county, N. J., lost by the burning of the emigrant ship Cospatrick, eight brothers, two sisters, and her mother, besides several other near relations.

Scene, a court room. Seedy individual arraigned for theft. Question by the Judge—Did you steal this complainant's coat? Seedy individual—I decline to gratify the morbid curiosity of the public by answering that interrogatory.

He lives in Rhinebeck now—108 years of age, threads a needle at arm's length, slept with Noah when a boy, played marbles with Pharaoh, and turned the grindstone for G. W. to sharpen his little sherry cutter.

A would-be school teacher in Toledo recently replied to a question by one of the examiners: "Do you think the world is round or flat?" by saying: "Well, some people think one way and some another, and I'll teach round or flat just as the parents please."

Facts and Fancies.

A tea set—the Chinese.  
Twisted hemp cures felons.  
Something about milk—water.  
Light wines may make a heavy head.  
The key to an uncertain gait—whisker.  
Collectors know when their work is done.

The love of which men sing is with women an eternal truth.  
A dog 28 years old died in New Milford, Conn., last week.

A California man pounded his wife, was fined \$90, and he sold her dress to pay the fine.

It has been cold enough in Kansas to freeze whiskey, and some of the drunkards there have become solid men.

Pain is the father of Wisdom—Love, her mother.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

The silence of a person who loves to praise is a censure sufficiently severe.

No man is always wrong; a clock that does not go at all is right twice in the twenty-four hours.

The reason why Pagans are so far behind-hand in the march of civilization, is because they are such idol people.

A man's flattery, to be really good, ought not only to be as keen as his sword, but as polished.

The best of all good things is a good example, for it is the maker and multiplier of good.

To become an able man in any profession whatever, three things are necessary—nature, study and practice.

Positive decision in youth upon things which experience only can teach, is the very credential of vain impertinence.

Fortune has been considered the guardian divinity of fools; and she is certainly very kind in helping those who cannot help themselves.

The man who is kind and polite to his mother-in-law has reached Vicksburg, and is an object of general curiosity to the people there.

There are some who write, talk and think so much about vice and virtue, that they have no time to practice either the one or the other.

The Nebraska Relief Society are now reported to be feeding and clothing 13,000 men, women and children in the grasshopper district.

Papa, are you growing taller all the time? "No, my child; why do you ask?" "Cause the top of your head is poking through your hair."

Mr. David Greeley, a relative of the late Sage of Chappaqua, and a prominent citizen, died recently in Iowa, having completed his four score years.

A Scotch divine recently praying, said: "O Lord, give unto us neither poverty nor riches," and pausing solemnly a moment, he added, "especially poverty."

An advertisement for a dry-goods clerk reads: "Wanted, a young man to be partly out-doors and partly behind the counter." It doesn't specify what part of the young man is to be out-doors.

"Well, how do you get along?" inquired a country landlord, one rainy morning, of a guest whom he had put in a top-floor room, under a leaky roof. "Oh, swimmingly," was the reply.

The Chamber of Commerce of Lyons has offered a prize of 15,000 francs for the best essay, written in French, on the "Comparative State of the Cultivation of Silk in France and Italy."

The last report puts the area of India, under British administration, at 943,810 square miles, and the population at 193,111,917. Of inhabited houses it is estimated that there are 37,118,693.

A beautiful inscription, it is said, may be found in an Italian churchyard: Here lies Estella, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it.

Political economy is practiced in New Hampshire by renting out the basement of the State House as a henery to the janitor of the building, who is now doing a lively business in the poultry line.

A gentleman whose house was repairing went one day to see how the job was getting on, and observing a quantity of nails lying about, said to the carpenter, "Why don't you take care of these nails?" "They'll certainly be lost," "No fear of that," was the reply; "you'll find them all in the bill!"

A short time since, a quarrel occurred between a man and a woman on the third floor of a house in Paris. Made furious by something the man said to her, the woman threw open the window and jumped out. There was a hard wind blowing at the time, and this, making a balloon of her skirts, sustained her weight so as to let her gently down into the deep snow, and she called a cab and drove away.

KNOWLEDGE IS MIGHTY. The man who saves money and makes his home and family better and happier, LEE DEAF-MUTE ADVANCE is thoroughly identified with the deaf and dumb in their Home and Social life. It enters upon the 6th year with 1875. A very good and cheap paper for every mute. Only \$1.00 a year.

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The Best Bargains in Picture Frames, of all sizes, at Beals' Photograph Gallery. Can have them within an hour.

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Family Liniment,  
A Sure and Speedy Cure for  
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Influenza, Asthma, Sore Throat, Toothache, Headache, Chills, Sprains, Cuts, Bruises, Bites or Stings of Insects, Soreness or Pains in the Limbs, Feet and Joints, Pleurisy or Pains in the Side, or Pains of any Kind.

HOLBROOK'S Family LINIMENT  
Should be used internally for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Diphtheria, Colic, Cramps, Asthma, Influenza, Soreness of Chest or Lungs, Sore Throat, Quinzy, Pleurisy or Pains in the Side, &c., &c.

Holbrook's Family Liniment  
Should be used externally for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns or Scalds, Bruises, Bites or Stings of Insects, Chills, Cuts, Pains in the Limbs, Feet and Joints, Neuralgia, Toothache, &c., &c.

Holbrook's Family Liniment.  
Exceeds all other Remedies in the Cure of the following Diseases in Horses and Cattle: Cuts, Bruises, Collar Boils, Galls of all kinds, Sprains, both blood and bone, Sprains, Lameness, Caked Udder, Inflammation, and healing of Sores and Wounds from any cause.

Holbrook's Family Liniment  
Is a positive Specific and relieves local Pain more promptly than any other Medicine in use. Testimonials are being constantly received which place its powers in this respect beyond a doubt.

Every Family should have a bottle of Holbrook's Family Liniment at hand, in case of sickness or accident.

Call on your Druggist and get a bottle of Holbrook's Family Liniment.

GIVE IT A TRIAL.  
Prepared by S. K. HOLBROOK, No. 20 North Water Street, Oswego, to whom all orders should be addressed.

Duggists can be supplied by JOHN C. TAYLOR, Mexico, N. Y. 14-ly

CALDWELL'S

WINE and IRON Bitters  
FOR THE CURE OF

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Kidney Diseases, LIVER COMPLAINT, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, GENERAL PROSTRATION.

As a Morning Appetizer, THEY HAVE NO RIVAL.

It absolutely purifies the blood. It specially corrects all morbid changes in the blood. It perfects digestion, rendering it natural and easy. It banishes those clogs upon pleasure which produce gloom. It improves the appetite, and removes all disagreeable feeling after eating.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

CALDWELL'S COUGH CURE  
For Coughs, Colds, Croup, &c.

Caldwell's Magnetic Chloroid,  
An internal and external remedy.

CALDWELL'S

Lily Balm,  
FOR BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION!

REMOVING Freckles, Eruptions, Sunburn, Roughness, Tan, &c.

The Lily Balm will remove the blemish, and impart softness, transparency, a rosy tinge and a pearl like lustre to the complexion. It contains no poison. It is the best and cheapest Toilet article ever offered to the public. Full directions on the label of each bottle. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

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DENTISTRY.

J. A. MEAD, Dentist,  
Office on Jefferson Street, over the Post Office, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y. Work executed in all branches of the profession in the best and most approved manner. Anaesthetics administered if required. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

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DENTIST,  
Office over H. C. Peck's store, MEXICO, N. Y. Teeth carefully filled with the best materials. Artificial Teeth inserted with all the practical improvements. Prices will be made satisfactory. Teeth extracted without pain when required. All work warranted.

THE Engine Washer.

Having used the Engine Washer, we can say truly that it affords more help on washing than any other machine we have known. Its advantage over every other machine is, that it is SELF-WORKING. A woman has only to wet her clothes, and lay them in the boiler on the engine, and the steam does the rubbing and boiling.

What it Saves:  
SAVES TIME.  
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MRS. J. T. HEWITT,  
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MRS. DR. RUNDLELL,  
MRS. J. M. HOOD,  
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MRS. S. R. ORVIS,  
MRS. D. HOLMES.

Orders can be left at S. Stone & Co's Hardware Store, Mexico, N. Y.

Mexico, Jan. 19, 1875.

12

TO THE PUBLIC.

THOMAS HENDERSON,

Late of the firm of R. GORDON & CO., of Oswego, has opened a

New anesnie ive Line of

STAPLE AND FANCY

Dry Goods

AND NOTIONS of all Descriptions, at

No. 3 Hungerford Block, Oswego,

EAST END OF LOWER BRIDGE,

would respectfully invite his friends and the public in general, to

Call & Examine his Goods

Having had many years experience in selling Dry Goods in the city, and understanding the wishes of the citizens, he feels confident that the

QUALITY OF HIS GOODS THE STYLES AND PATTERNS, AND THE PRICES

Will please any and all who may favor him with their patronage.

A Secret Exposed!

Shout the Glad Tidings

Tell your friends and neighbors that

STONE, ROBINSON & CO.

Are now ready to show them one of the largest and most complete stocks of

CLOTHS and CLOTHING

Ever brought to Mexico, and at prices that will gladden the working man's heart, who knows that a dollar saved is a dollar earned. We beg leave to inform our friends that through the support already bestowed upon us by the public, we feel assured that we have merited their confidence, and if

Low Prices

And Square Dealing

Can retain their custom we shall endeavor to do so.

English Coatings, Broadcloths, &c. J. E. Cassimers, &c.

we have a good assortment, and have secured the services of MR. LUKE RILEY in the manufacturing department, who has worked several years for the best city trade, and with other competent help we are prepared to make up clothing in the latest and most approved style of the art, and guarantee its every time.

No more going to Oswego or Syracuse to buy

Ready-Made Clothing

for we have bought a full line, and can sell it as cheap for cash as you can buy there. So save your time and money and buy at home. Our stock of

DRY GOODS

Is one of the largest we ever had. Call and see for yourself. Now we say what we mean, and mean business. Don't forget the place.

STONE, ROBINSON & CO. Mexico, Sept. 21, 1874.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

DEAF & DUMB  
FOR THE  
A PAPER  
DEAF & DUMB

THE Journal for 1875,

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

DEPARTMENT BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE.

BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS JOURNAL AIM WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always on the lookout for something new, and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor to have every Institution and School for the deaf represented in our columns, and we invite correspondence and contributions from every part of the globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of

HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M.,

Who needs no introduction to our readers.

HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetters, Salt-Rheum, Blisters, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Sores, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors, and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuge, no cathartics will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display no decided influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,  
Druggists and Gen. Agts., 84 Franklin, California, and cor. of Washington and Carlton Sts., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

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The properties of Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are a perfect Purgative, Cathartic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Alternative, and Anti-Bilious.

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond repair.

Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fore-armed.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, &c. In these, as in all other constitutional diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, &c. In all these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetters, Salt-Rheum, Blisters, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Sores, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors, and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

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